MURPHY'S BATTLES

CAPT. DAVID A. MURPHY

George Washington Flowers Memorial Collection

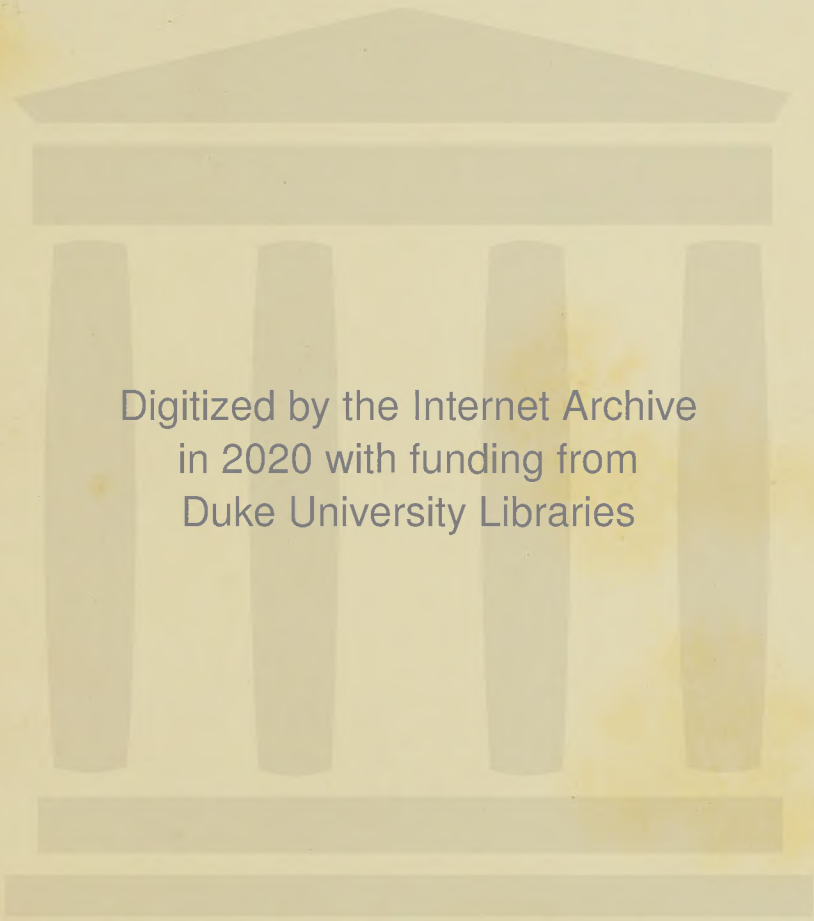
DUKE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

ESTABLISHED BY THE
FAMILY OF
COLONEL FLOWERS

With the author's Compliments.

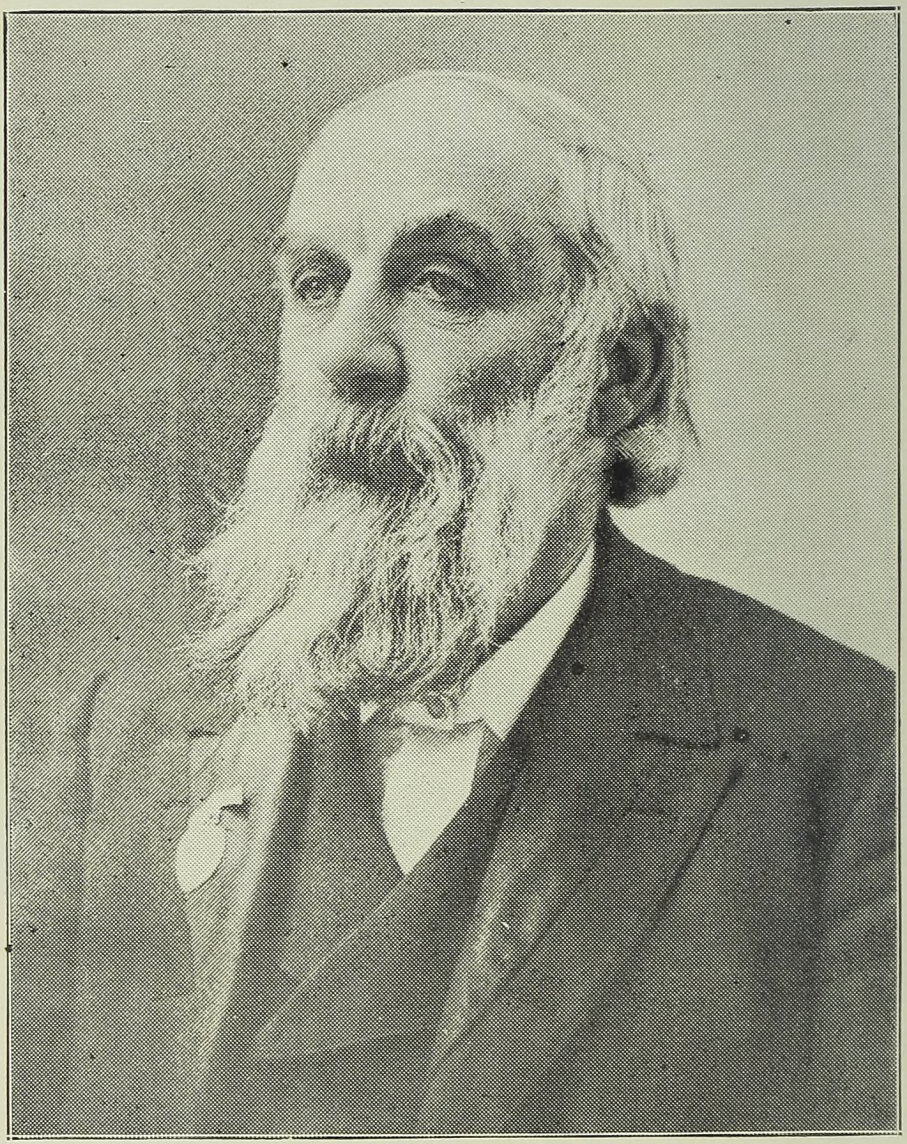
David D. Mowry

Buena Vista, Ohio, 1913.

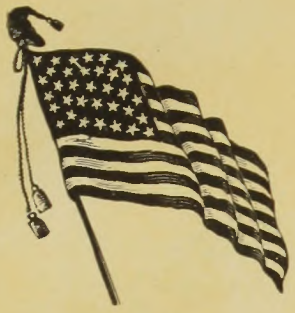


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2020 with funding from
Duke University Libraries

https://archive.org/details/murphysbattleohi00murp



Captain David A. Murphy.



MURPHY'S BATTLES

An Ohio Soldier's Autobiography, Written
Mainly for His Nephews and Nieces
Thrilling Stories and Timely Snap Shots

MOTTO:
"Dullness is the worst heterodoxy."

BY

CAPTAIN DAVID A. MURPHY
1842—Age 71 years—1913
OXFORD, OHIO, U. S. A.

CINCINNATI
PRESS OF THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN

Copyright, 1913, by David A. Murphy

Great Children Born in 1800

1. Lord Macaulay.
2. George Bancroft.
3. Caroline Lee Hentz.
4. Francis Lueber.
5. Henry Milne-Edwards.
6. Jean Jacques Ampere.
7. Thomas K. Arnold.
8. John B. Buckstone.
9. Count Von Moltke.
10. Charles Goodyear.
11. Millard Fillmore, President.
12. Ben F. Wade, United States Senator.
13. Linn Boyd, Speaker of House of Representatives.
14. Dan'l S. Dickinson, United States Senator.
15. John Brown, of Harper's Ferry.
16. David W. Murphy, of New Jersey, Capt. D. A. Murphy's Father.

923.573
M978M

Contents

	PAGE
Title Page (with frontispiece of Capt. Murphy)	1
Great Children of 1800	2
Murphy's Seven Ages	5
Inscription to Friends	5
A Checkered Career	5
Yester and Easter Day	6
Memorandum for United States Librarian	7
A Birthday Collection	8
Picture of Maysville, Kentucky	9
Forget Me Not	10
"Missy" Hall and Her Pony	11
The Dragon War	12
A New Grant Booklet	12
Capt. Murphy's Army Record	13
Roster of the 184th O. V. I.	14
An Ideal Wife	15
My Mother's Bible	16
CHRIST, My Shepherd	17
Current Comment	18
Murphy, Superintendent of Construction	19
Comrade McKinley	22
Narrow Escapes	24
General U. S. Grant	26
Ohio in the Civil War	28
A Bust of Capt. Murphy	29
Capt. D. A. Murphy's Life Sketch	29
Frankfort Roundabout Editorial	30
A Splendid Tribute, With Gold Watch	32
A Signet Ring from Friends	33
A Souvenir of Friendship	34
A New Year's Gift	35

CONTENTS—Continued

	PAGE
Western Christian Advocate	35
Special Order of War Department	36
Clerk at General W. T. Sherman's Headquarters	36
Comrade Frank Hatton	37
The Clock and the Man	38
The Union Texan, Editor Norton	39
White House and Religion of Presidents	40
Hon. Frank Hatton, with Portrait	41
Snap Shots at Close Range	42
Looking Forward	45
Letter from Mrs. Frank Hatton	46
Editorialettes	46
Countersign is Cavalry	47
A Soldier's Prayer	48
An Unmarked Grave	48
Friendship in an Album	49
God's Greatness, Man's Smallness	49
Life and Its Similes	50
Snap Shots in *Western Christian Advocate*	51
Golden Nuggets in *Michigan Christian Advocate*	52
A Christmas Carol	53
How to Live Ninety Years	54
Persons and Places	55
Old Miami, with Picture	56
Name of God in Forty-five Languages	56
An Oxford Christmas Story	58
Christ's Hospital of Cincinnati	61
She is Not There, with Picture	62
Capt. David A. Murphy and Wife	63
Buena Vista	63
Sunset Gates	64

Murphy's Seven Ages

"*But the Lord upholdeth the righteous.*"—Psalms 37:17.

1. Childhood.
2. Boyhood.
3. Early Manhood.
4. Regal Manhood.
5. Maturity.
6. Old Age.
7. Sunset.

INSCRIPTION:

Inscribed to all my friends, male and female, young and old, North and South.

Faithfully your soldier friend.

The Author.

Oxford, Ohio, April 3, 1913.

A Checkered Career

Capt. David A. Murphy,
An Ohio Soldier and Poet.

1. Born on a farm near Rome, Ohio, April 3, 1842.
2. Private Company H, 81st Ohio Volunteer Infantry, in 1862-1864.
3. First Lieutenant and Adjutant 184th Ohio Volunteer Infantry in 1865.
4. Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, with rank of Captain, at Bridgeport, Ala., 1865.
5. Superintendent of Construction of United States Public Buildings eight years.
6. Poet and Journalist—Author of four books and three pamphlets.
7. Recipient of over two hundred and fifty rare presents within twenty-five years.

Rev. J. W. Zimmerman.

Dayton, Ky.

Yester and Easter Day

I.

One summer day, at garden gate,
We met as strangers may;
"Eyes spake to eyes"—love predicate,
But that was Yesterday.

We horseback rode, our joy was great,
Plucked roses by the way;
Hands clasped in hands, love dominate—
But that was Yesterday.

We hilltops climbed, our hopes elate,
As children prone to stray;
Heart joined to heart, love ultimate—
But that was Yesterday.

II.

Death angel came at midnight hour
And stole her life away;
I hapless grieve in garden bower
And long for Easterday.

All pageants seem a passing show
As lone on earth I stay,
I count the hours, and they are slow,
And wait for Easterday.

Life's western sun sinks slowly down,
And on my knees I pray,
Come quickly, Lord! bring robe and crown,
Send now our Easterday.

—Capt. David A. Murphy.

Oxford, Ohio.

Memorandum for the United States Librarian, Washington, D. C.

Name:

David Asbury Murphy,

Born at Shamrock, Adams County, Ohio, April 3, 1842.

Author of 3 books:

Pensive Pansies (Poetry) 1901
General U. S. Grant in Poetry and History. . . 1912
Buckeye Ballads (Poetry) 1913

Author of four Pamphlets:

Scoops 1901
Ohio 1902
Office Seeker 1903
McKinley (Poem) 1904

Residence: Oxford, Ohio.

A Birthday Gift

A Dozen and More "Dime-and-Pin" Jokelets
for Our Aged Friend,

1842 Capt. David A. Murphy. *1913*

On His 71st Birthday, April 3, 1913.

1.	Hon. Thomas L. King, Mayor of Oxford, Ohio	$0.10
2.	Hon. Raymond H. Hughes, Acting President Miami University	.10
3.	Rev. R. E. Powell, Professor Miami University	.10
4.	George S. Bishop, Business Manager Miami University	.10
5.	Dean Mary A. Sawyer, Acting President Western College for Women	.10
6.	Dr. Jane Sherzer, Ph. D. (Berlin), President Oxford College for Women	.10
7.	Prof. J. Christian Ringwald, Musical Director of Oxford College	.10
8.	George C. Welliver, President Oxford National Bank	.10
9.	Caleb A. Shera, Cashier Oxford National Bank,	.10
10.	J. Gilbert Welsh, Cashier Farmers' State and Savings Bank	.10
11.	Rev. W. L. Y. Davis, Pastor Oxford Methodist Episcopal Church	.10
12.	Phillip D. Shera, Postmaster	.10
13.	W. M. Beaton, Drygoods Merchant	.10
14.	J. W. Hutchisson, Grocery Merchant	.10
	Total	$1.40

Murphy's Remarks:

A dime just now is no joke. It will buy one-half dozen of eggs or one-half dozen oranges. My Oxford friends have unwittingly given me three dozen of fresh eggs and four dozen choice oranges. *Shake!*

MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL TOWNS ON THE OHIO RIVER.

Forget Me Not

Inscribed to my lovely young girl friend, Miss Anabelle Jackson Hall, age 12 years.

I.

O "Missy," dear, of Maysville town,
When morning sun the hilltops crown,
  And joyous seems thy lot,
My morning prayer no cloud-mists stay,
Good angels guard thee every day,
  And O, forget me not!

II.

O "Missy," dear, of Maysville town,
When mid-day sun the corntops brown,
  And summer days grow hot,
My noon-time prayer while sunbeams play,
Good angels cheer thee every day,
  And O! forget me not!

III.

O "Missy," dear, of Maysville town,
When evening sun sinks slowly down
  And workmen seek their cot,
My night-time prayer where moonbeams stray,
Good angels bless thee every day—
  And O! forget me not!

—Uncle Murphy.

"Missy" and Her Pony

Miss Anabelle Jackson Hall, Age 12 years,
Maysville, Kentucky.

N. B.—"Missy" won the pony in a newspaper contest. She is the most witching girl in Maysville. *"An Ideal Blue Grass Girl."*

The Dragon War

1. Wicked war.
2. Hate and feud.
3. Always a scourge.
4. No Christianity in war.
5. "Blessed are the Peacemakers."
6. Teach the children to HATE war.
7. General U. S. Grant said, "Let us have peace!"

A NEW GRANT BOOKLET

Gen. Ulysses Simpson Grant in Poetry and History

By Capt. David A. Murphy, Oxford, O.

Price, Only 25 cents.

For Sale at

The Methodist Book Concern

220 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

Highly commended by the Grant Family, Bishop Wm. A. Quayle, and Hon. Whitelaw Reid.

Capt. David A. Murphy's Army Record

Minneapolis, Minn., January 15, A. D. 1905.

To the Honorable Secretary of Treasury,
Washington, D. C.

Sir:

I have the honor to endorse and recommend CAPT. DAVID A. MURPHY, Superintendent of Construction of United States Public Buildings, for prompt assignment to duty, with pay, in connection with one of the new Public Buildings recently authorized by Congress. Capt. Murphy has been Superintendent of Construction and in charge of five (5) United States Public Buildings in the South, and has won the highest testimonials for good conduct from the Southern people. Capt. Murphy was a soldier in my Regiment (81st Ohio Volunteer Infantry) and Brigade during the war for the unity of our country. Capt. Murphy was a good soldier, honest and faithful, every day in the field, and was highly esteemed as such in his Regiment, Brigade, and Division. In one of the battles south of Resacca in 1864 he was on the firing line and brought off two (2) Confederate muskets, and he was therefore promoted for good conduct upon the battlefield. I hope, and strongly advise, that he be retained in the service as long as his health will permit. *Our Country's defenders should be taken care of while the Republicans are in power at Washington.*

I am, with great respect, very truly yours,

(Signed) R. N. ADAMS,
Late Colonel 81st O. V. I., and Brevet Brigadier General U. S. Volunteers,
1861-1865.

Roster of the 184th Ohio Volunteer Infantry

Rank	Officers at Organization	Date of Rank	Remarks
Colonel	Henry S. Commager*	Feb. 22, 1865	Appointed brevet Brig.
Lieutenant-Colonel	Chandler W. Carroll†	Feb. 18, 1865	[General.
Major	E. S. Dodd‡	Feb. 20, 1865	
Surgeon	L. G. Meyer	Feb. 18, 1865	
Assistant Surgeon	Robert A. Richardson	Feb. 18, 1865	
Assistant Surgeon	Henry H. Shaw	Feb. 21, 1865	
Adjutant	*David A. Murphy***	*Feb. 18, 1865*	
Quartermaster	Jerome Dubois	Feb. 18, 1865	
Chaplain			
	COMPANY A.		
Captain	Levi S. Jameson	Feb. 6, 1865	
1st Lieutenant	George A. Ells	Feb. 6, 1865	
2d Lieutenant	Harry Davis	Feb. 10, 1865	Never reported for [duty.
	COMPANY B.		
Captain	Joseph Allen	Feb. 14, 1865	
1st Lieutenant	Alex. M. Duck	Feb. 14, 1865	
2d Lieutenant	Hiram Reed	Feb. 14, 1865	
	COMPANY C.		
Captain	Josephus W. Wise	Feb. 18, 1865	
1st Lieutenant	John Giller	Feb. 18, 1865	
2d Lieutenant	Alonzo Langdon	Feb. 18, 1865	Mustered out May 15, [1865.
	COMPANY D.		
Captain	J. Douglass Moler	Feb. 20, 1865	
1st Lieutenant	Joseph A. Blair	Feb. 20, 1865	
2d Lieutenant	Charles E. Warren	Feb. 20, 1865	
	COMPANY E.		
Captain	George P. Davis	Feb. 20, 1865	
1st Lieutenant	Charles W. Gurwig	Feb. 20, 1865	
2d Lieutenant	Harrison P. Taylor	Feb. 20, 1865	
	COMPANY F.		
Captain	William J. Widener	Feb. 20, 1865	
1st Lieutenant	Robert Detwiler	Feb. 20, 1865	Resigned June 1, 1865.
2d Lieutenant	Michael Steek	Feb. 20, 1865	
	COMPANY G.		
Captain	Luman P. P. Folkerth	Feb. 20, 1865	
1st Lieutenant	Joseph McCreary	Feb. 20, 1865	
2d Lieutenant	Frank Hatton	Feb. 24, 1865	Resigned Aug. 10, 1865.
	COMPANY H.		
Captain	Simon Perkins	Feb. 21, 1865	
1st Lieutenant	Wm. H. Betts	Mar. 3, 1865	
2d Lieutenant	David H. Commager	Mar. 15, 1865	
	COMPANY I.		
Captain	John McNeill	Feb. 21, 1865	
1st Lieutenant	Archibald McNair	Feb. 21, 1865	Died March 13, 1865.
2d Lieutenant	Wm. F. Landon	Feb. 21, 1865	
	COMPANY K.		
Captain	James Barrett	Feb. 22, 1865	
1st Lieutenant	Henry C. Canfield	Feb. 22, 1865	
2d Lieutenant	John W. Horton	Feb. 22, 1865	

* Was field officer in 67th O. V. I. from its organization up to date of appointment as Colonel of 184th O. V. I.

† Was a Captain in 15th O. V. I. for three years. ‡ Was an officer for three years

** Was a Private in the 81st O. V. I.

An Ideal Wife

Here's a Comprehensive Description of Her—Have You the Pleasure of Her Acquaintance?

The *Blade* has received the following description of an ideal wife from a resident of Oxford, Ohio:

"We are not in the market for sale, but give this friendly interview to all the world," says the writer.

1. The ideal wife must have *good health.*

2. She must be constant and cheerful every day.

3. She must, of course, have good morals and gracious manners.

4. She must love God, home, the Church, children, the woodlands, pictures, and poetry.

5. She must not be a dancer, a card player, or a Sunday motor girl.

6. She must not be cheap or common, but clean, comely, and companionable.

7. She must not be a tomboy, a hoyden, a vixen, or a street gossip.

8. She must know how to write a good, readable letter. Not one woman in fifty does know.

9. She must be a partner, co-partner, and co-worker; clever, competent, and "right on the job."

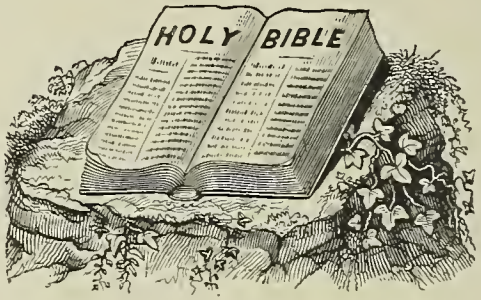
10. She need not be a college graduate or a mountain climber or a dog trainer.

11. She must foreswear fads, fops, frauds, follies, fashions, flatterers, and fearsomeness.

12. She must wear a pink bow in her hair and always have her husband's slippers ready for him on the home-hearth.

The pink ribbon signifies her wish to please him, the ready slippers show her willingness to make him really comfortable.—*Portsmouth Blade.*

My Mother's Bible



"*The Finest of the Wheat.*"—Psalms 81: 16.

My mother's Book! My Shepherd's crook,
Volume with love replete;
Its study yields, like harvest fields,
The finest of the wheat!

My mother's faith! Whate'er it saith
Shall earth nor hell defeat;
Its seed will keep, who sows shall reap
The finest of the wheat!

My mother's hope! Faith's telescope,
What visions so entreat?
On every plain waves golden grain,
The finest of the wheat!

My mother's love! Angels above
And saints below shall meet,
When Christ shall come and harvest home
The finest of the wheat!

O matchless Book! Our Shepherd's crook,
His throne the mercy-seat;
The Christian's staff, truth free from chaff,
The finest of the wheat!

—Capt. David A. Murphy.

Christ, My Shepherd

I.

My Shepherd Good, He knoweth me,
And calleth me by name;
The sheepfold nigh He showeth me,
Though I be lost or lame.
O, evermore in field or wood,
My Savior and my Shepherd good!

II.

My Shepherd Great He foldeth me
And shields me from life foes;
In loving arms He holdeth me
And calmeth all my woes.
O, evermore in every strait
My Savior and my Shepherd great!

III.

My Shepherd Chief He leadeth me
In pastures fresh and green;
On manna fresh He feedeth me,
His sheep not lorn or lean.
O, evermore midst joy or grief
My Savior and my Shepherd Chief!

—Capt. David A. Murphy.

P. S.—This poem is not in any one of my books.—Murphy.

Current Comment

I.

AN OXFORD BOOSTER FOR 21 YEARS.

I have gladly "boosted" Oxford, and all of the twenty-one years, in the Oxford *News*, Oxford *Times*, and Oxford *Herald*. But alas! so far without practical results. Boosting Oxford without Capital and aid of our Progressive Citizens is like driving wild horses with broken lines!

II.

HATES THE DRINK DEMON EVERY DAY.

I am the sworn enemy of the Drink Demon, North and South. If it were in my power I would dig a hole large enough to hold all the whisky distilleries in the wide world, dump them all into the bottomless cavern, and place Stone Mountain of Georgia over the mouth of the pit, saying, "Ah, there, stay there!"

III.

OUR SENTIMENTS.

Buy at home and try at home
To give the town a show;
Live at home and give at home
And help the town to grow.
Make your cot the nicest spot
That's under heaven's dome;
Just buy a bit to brighten it—
And be sure to buy at home!

—Capt. David A. Murphy.

Capt. David A. Murphy

Superintendent of Construction of United States Public Buildings, a Newspaper Editor, and One of the Minor Poets of America.

[From the Clarksville (Tenn.) *Leaf-Chronicle*, Nov. 1, 1898.]

Capt. David A. Murphy, of Oxford, Ohio, has now been in Clarksville for fifteen months as Superintendent of our new Postoffice Building, and from time to time we have learned something of his checkered and eventful career.

Capt. Murphy is a practical builder and building superintendent, as is proven by competent architects and builders. Capt. Murphy as a newspaper editor and poet for twenty years has obtained wide celebrity.

His Record as a Building Superintendent.

Nine prominent Cincinnati architects and twenty-four Cincinnati builders gave him a letter in August, 1892, which reads as follows:

"Capt. David A. Murphy, the bearer of this letter, was connected with builders and building operations in Cincinnati, Ohio, for fifteen or twenty years, and has been Superintendent of Construction of the United States Public Buildings at Frankfort, Kentucky, and Jefferson, Texas, and is familiar with plans and specifications and building contracts and building materials, and has acquired a practical knowledge of the building business in all its branches. Capt. Murphy is a gentleman of the highest personal character, and excellent business capacity, and is, moreover, a crippled Union soldier. Capt. Murphy is well qualified by his general intelligence and practical experience for the position of Superintendent of the United States Public Building at Fort Worth, Texas, or Richmond, Kentucky. His appointment would secure to the Department a competent, practical, and efficient building superintendent."

This letter is signed by his friends and rivals in the building business—men who have known him for twenty-five years.

Testimonials From Four Ex-Supervising Architects.

There are now on file in the United States Treasury Department letters from four (4) ex-supervising architects as to Capt. Murphy's ability and character, which read as follows:

"An excellent superintendent."—Hon. James G. Hill, Washington, D. C.

"Competent and courteous superintendent."—Hon. M. E. Bell, Chicago, Ill.

"Faithful and meritorious superintendent."—Hon. Jas. H. Windrim, Philadelphia, Pa.

"A competent, practical, and efficient building superintendent."—Hon. Wm. Martin Aiken, New York, N. Y.

Capt. Murphy has served as superintendent under all the Republican Supervising Architects now living, and they all spoke of him in high praise. President McKinley has three times endorsed Capt. Murphy for Superintendent of Construction of United States Public Buildings. He does his work quietly and persuasively, but none the less effectively.

One of the Minor Poets of America.

But perhaps our citizens admire him most on account of his great literary talent. He has been managing editor of three newspapers so far in life: The Kentucky and Ohio *Union*, Portsmouth, Ohio, 1861-2; The Danville, Ky., *Tribune*, 1880-86, and The Findlay, Ohio, *Tribune*, 1887-88. Capt. Murphy has been writing poems since he was fifteen years of age, and he is now one of the Minor Poets of America. If this statement seems to be overdrawn, we can furnish some strong proofs of it:

1. President McKinley has written him a letter of thanks for a campaign song, published in November, 1896, entitled, "Serenade to McKinley." Mrs. McKinley, we believe, has a copy of this poem in her scrap book.

2. Hon. Robt. T. Lincoln, Ex-United States Minister to England, has written a letter to Capt. Murphy thanking him for a great poem in honor of President Lincoln. This poem of seven stanzas is heroic. and suggests the popular style of Sir Walter Scott.

3. Mr. Joaquin Miller, "the Poet of the Sierras," has written a letter to Capt. Murphy stating that he will publish one of his poems in one of his new books, "simply on the ground of its great merit." Mr. Miller was the

friend and companion of Lowell and Longfellow, and of Browning and Tennyson, while these great poets were living.

4. *The Sunday School Times*, of Philadelphia, published one of his remarkable poems entitled, "My Mother's Bible," in 1873, and it is still going the rounds of the newspapers. It is believed that this poem will live one hundred years.

5. One of his poems, entitled "Fate," has been taken into a play called "Friends," by Miss Salina Fetters, and it is spoken on the stage nightly. It is said to make the real hit of one of the scenes.

6. One of his best poems, entitled "The Message Bearer," will be set to music in Washington, D. C., shortly, and will be published throughout the country. This poem has in it the passion of Byron and the fancy of Shelley.

7. A Detroit, Michigan, publisher has collated from the newspapers one thousand of the Spanish-American War poems of 1898, and they all will be published in a book next month. One of Capt. Murphy's war poems is in this book.

During the week, Capt. Murphy, as a building superintendent, is compelled to be sensible and practical. But on Saturday night he takes a subject for his poem to his room and sometimes wrestles with it until midnight. On Sunday morning he goes to Church services. On Sunday afternoon he simply takes up his pen and transfers his poem to white paper, rarely changing a word in it.

An All-Around American Who Admires President McKinley.

Capt. Murphy is an Ohio man, but he loves every State in the Union. Capt. Murphy is a stanch Republican, but he does not give to party that which was meant for mankind. Capt. Murphy is an ardent Methodist, but he finds good Christians in all the other Churches. His simple creed seems to be:

"There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth."

His high culture and genial spirit make him a welcome guest in any household, and his marvelous love for young people insures his popularity in any community. Capt. Murphy is now, and always has been, a warm friend and supporter of President McKinley.

[ORIGINAL.]

Comrade McKinley

A Memorial Ode for Decoration Day.

By Capt. David A. Murphy.

I.

Our Comrade slain in manhood's prime,
McKinley, O McKinley;
His taking off the maddest crime,
McKinley, O McKinley.
The idol of his native State,
In highest place won honors great,
Like Lincoln, met a tragic fate,
McKinley, O McKinley!

II.

Our Comrade slain at Canton sleeps,
McKinley, O McKinley;
The Nation's guard love's vigil keeps,
McKinley, O McKinley.
His gracious speech all compeers miss,
His wedded life an Eden bliss,
Like Garfield, heard the bullet's hiss,
McKinley, O McKinley!

III.

Our Comrade slain, his struggles cease,
McKinley, O McKinley;
God's servants true find heavenly peace,
McKinley, O McKinley.
His courage high when stricken down,
His sterling worth no voices drown,
Like Stephen, gained a martyr's crown,
McKinley, O McKinley!

Hon. William McKinley

Narrow Escapes

God shielded my head in many skirmishes and battles for three years—1862-1865. I was under rebel guns one hundred days in succession in marching from Dalton to Atlanta in 1864. I saw my comrades killed and wounded on either side of me standing in ranks. Our headquarters tents were at the foot of Kenesaw Mountain for some days. Every night at 12 M. for a week the rebels on Kenesaw loaded their cannon with pieces of scrap iron and shot straight down at our tents. Limbs of trees fell on our tents, and some horses were killed. One Sunday evening I was watching a battle in progress in a field near me. A stray bullet struck a pile of sand in front of me, and filled my tin cup of coffee just as I was going to drink it. I said, "*Thanks, awfully!* I would rather have the sand in my coffee cup than the lead in my body!" I missed the bloody battle at Allatoona Pass in October, 1864, simply because I had a permit to remain in Marietta as the guest of Col. Sam'l M. Ross for three days. The battle at Allatoona occurred on the second day of my visit. Hundreds of my Brigade were killed and wounded at Allatoona. When Gen'l Sherman's army withdrew from the front and swung to the rear of Allatoona, in September, 1864, I was on detached service as clerk, with the headquarters wagons. The wagons were parked in a large field. The rebels shelled the wagons with vigor for three hours, and shells fell all around me. I had no weapon and no means of defense, and was in deadly peril. It seemed to me, sometimes, that the shells were coming straight into my eyes!

At General Corse's headquarters in rear of Savannah, in December, 1864, the rebels shelled our tents every day at 1 o'clock P. M for a whole week. The officers took to trees for shelter, but I remained on duty as clerk in my tent. One day a voice from Heaven said to me, "Get out of this tent quickly!" Not knowing why, I obeyed the voice, and was out of the tent fifteen minutes. On my return I found that a piece of shell had struck my desk *right where I was sitting*, and after striking my desk had buried itself in the ground. A month later I was telling my Christian mother in Ohio about the narrow escape.

She said to me, "O my son, I thought you were in peril that day, and I went into the closet and prayed that God would spare your life. I prayed there from 1 o'clock to 5 o'clock P. M." I know now that I was saved in answer to my mother's prayers. I had the piece of shell in my valise and showed it to her. But she would not allow it to remain in the house. I buried it in the yard.

Once, in a fierce skirmish south of Resacca, Georgia, I was caught in the crush and found myself between two fires. It took me two hours to crawl out on my hands and knees one-half a mile. Bullets from friends and foes cut the leaves from trees right over my back.

I was in the army hospitals two or three times "sick unto death" with chronic diarrhea and fever. Many of the stronger men of my regiment similarly affected died in the hospitals and were buried simply in an army blanket. I have seen arms and legs cut from the wounded soldiers and piled up outside of the field hospitals like cord wood. War is cruel and bloody from every angle!

O yes! there is fighting blood in my veins. My grandmother several times removed, Phœbe Murphy, is the identical woman who threw a feather bed on the fire in the block-house to keep the British soldiers from coming down the chimney. Grandma Phœbe and Thomas, her husband, are buried at Bath, Indiana, only thirteen miles from Oxford, Ohio. I love sweet Peace, and would fight for Peace any day. There's an Irish bull for you!

—Capt. David A. Murphy.

General Ulysses Simpson Grant

Born April 27, 1822. Died July 22, 1885.

By Capt. David A. Murphy.

I.

Humble in birth, regal in worth,
Great Captain of war hosts;
Mighty in will, matchless in skill,
Not given to idle boasts.
In God-like gifts his lack was scant,
Hero of heroes, U. S. Grant!

II.

A peerless knight, fearless in fight,
And kingly from his birth;
Born to command, in action grand,
Liked not music or mirth.
His loyalty no sickly plant,
Hero of heroes, U. S. Grant!

III.

Hailed as Hero, not a Nero—
Lee's army, whipped, was fed;
Horses he gave, harvests to save,
"Let us have peace," he said.
The Blue and Gray his praises chant,
Hero of heroes, U. S. Grant!

Gen. Ulysses Simpson Grant.

Ohio in the Civil War

1. The State of Ohio gave to the United States the Hero of the American Republic—General Ulysses Simpson Grant.

2. Ohio enlisted 301,000 good soldiers and sailors for the United States Army and Navy in four years, 1861-65.

3. Ohio is the birthplace of five great American soldier-Presidents, 1868 to 1900—Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Harrison, and McKinley.

4. Ohio gave birth to twelve out of thirty-six Brigadier Generals and Major Generals who won distinction in the Civil War in America.

5. Ohio gave to the world the greatest of all modern orators, Thomas Corwin, and the greatest wizard of modern inventors, Thomas A. Edison.

6. Ohio gave to the world of letters the greatest American Diplomat, John Hay, and the Dean of American Novelists, William Dean Howells.

7. Ohio contributed to the Civil War History six of the wide-awake newspaper correspondents who were at the front and "on the firing line"—1861-1865—Whitelaw Reid, J. B. McCullough, Capt. David A. Murphy, William S. Furay, William H. Chamberlin, and W. D. Beckham. *Capt. Murphy is still living.*

Capt. David A. Murphy, of Ohio, is Superintendent of Construction of the United States Custom House and Postoffice Building being erected at Frankfort, Kentucky. Capt. Murphy was connected with the prominent builders of Cincinnati for fifteen years before he came to Kentucky. He is not only familiar with plans and specifications, but has had practical experience in buying building material. The firms in whose office he served erected buildings in Cincinnati, Chicago, Cairo, Boston, New York, and Washington. Mr. Samuel Hannaford, Superintendent of the new Government Building at Cincinnati, strongly commended Capt. Murphy as *the man* to superintend the construction of the new Government Building at Frankfort. It is a position which requires good eyes and good judgment.—*The Danville (Ky.) Tribune*, 1883.

Captain David A. Murphy

The Retiring Superintendent of Our Public Building.

Capt. David A. Murphy, the retiring Superintendent of Construction of the Public Building at Frankfort, has proven himself to be a competent and courteous official; and, we believe, our citizens generally desired his retention until the final completion of the building. It requires a peculiar man, a man well equipped at every point, to be a successful superintendent of any Public Building.

1. The successful superintendent must be a man who is not only familiar with plans and specifications, but one who has had practical experience in buying building materials. Captain Murphy has been connected with the prominent builders in Cincinnati, Chicago, and New York for twenty years, and knows good workmen and good materials when he sees them.

2. The successful superintendent must be a first-class accountant and bookkeeper, otherwise he will not be able to manage the books in the office and have the monthly reports made correctly. The office work must be methodical and accurate, and conducted upon business principles, and is of only less importance than the work on the building. Capt. Murphy is a practical bookkeeper and accountant—one of the best in the country—as shown by the fact that his salary in the city of New York was $2,500 per annum.

3. The successful superintendent must be somewhat of a lawyer. He must at least know enough of common law to comprehend the meaning of contracts. Capt. Murphy's father was a lawyer, and Capt. Murphy has a well-stored legal mind. He has read Blackstone and Every Man's Lawyer, and has written over one hundred contracts with builders for stone, brick, lumber, mortar, and hardware. Two or three of these contracts required each $50,000 worth of building materials.

4. The successful superintendent must have Department experience—the knowledge that comes only from business connections with the Supervising Architect of the Treasury Department and the careful study of at least one of the large Public Buildings now being erected in America.

Capt. Murphy has carefully watched the progress of the magnificent United States Custom House and Postoffice Building at Cincinnati for ten or twelve years, and has had personal charge of the Public Building at Frankfort without interruption for two years and two months.

5. The successful superintendent must be a "man of affairs"—a man of superior executive ability—a man who can uniformly manage the different contractors without friction. "He must stand four square to all the winds that blow." Capt. Murphy's intimate friends tell us that he has enough executive ability to command a division in the army, or to be governor of a Territory. There be contractors and contractors—some good, some poor, some cranky. The superintendent must get on with them as they come to Frankfort and see that no one of them delays the building. He does not choose them, as all of the contracts are awarded by the Department in Washington.

It will be seen, therefore, by all our good citizens, that Capt. David A. Murphy is well equipped at all points for the position of Superintendent of Construction, and that his removal at this juncture of affairs will neither improve the civil service of our country nor expedite the completion of the Frankfort Public Building.—Frankfort (Ky.) *Roundabout*, September 12, 1885.

A Splendid Tribute

SUPERINTENDENT MURPHY WINS NEW HONORS.

A Testimonial of Which Any Man Might Be Justly Proud.

Newport, Ky., Feb. 4, 1901.

To the Secretary of the Treasury,
Washington, D. C.

Sir:

Capt. David A. Murphy, Superintendent of Construction of United States Public Buildings, has been in charge of our new United States Postoffice Building for sixteen (16) months, and the splendid structure now about completed proves beyond question that he is a competent, practical, and highly efficient Building Superintendent, and faithful in the discharge of his duty to the Government. Captain Murphy's high culture, blameless character, and uniform courtesy has won for him the good will and esteem of our citizens. We regard him as being well equipped by practical experience for the manifold duties of Building Superintendent, and therefore cordially recommend that he be retained in the service during President McKinley's second administration. We are, with great respect,

Very truly yours,

[SIGNED]

R. W. Nelson, *Mayor;* John H. Meyer, *Postmaster;* W. J. Hissem, *Assistant Postmaster;* Wm. H. Dyer, *Disbursing Agent;* Wm. A. Horton, *Ex-Mayor;* and two Bank Presidents, two Bank Cashiers, three resident Pastors, four members of Council, five Attorneys, ten County Officials, and over one hundred prominent citizens.

And to emphasize their good will, the citizens and school children of Newport have presented the Captain with a handsome gold watch, chain, and locket.—Oxford, Ohio, *News*, Feb. 15, 1901.

A Signet Ring From Friends

Superintendent Murphy Wins New Honors.

Carrollton, Ky., March 1, A. D. 1902.

To the Honorable Secretary of the Treasury,
Washington, D. C.

Sir:

We, the undersigned citizens of Carrollton, respectfully affirm and submit that Capt. David A. Murphy, Superintendent of Construction of Public Buildings, has been in charge of our new Postoffice from the beginning, and the structure, now completed, is a splendid building of its size and class. The face brick is laid in good English bond with handsome quoins; and the building in architectural appearance is decidedly attractive and artistic.

Capt. Murphy is, beyond question, a skillful artisan and a man of splendid executive and business capacity. The hottest days of summer and the coldest of winter some of us saw him on duty at the building and carefully watching its progress. Moreover, Capt. Murphy is a crippled veteran of the Civil War, and by his good conduct and faithful service fully merits the preference shown to competent soldiers now in the service of the Government.

We are, with great respect, very truly yours,

[Signed]

R. M. Barker, *Mayor;* T. C. King, *Postmaster four years;* R. L. Vallandingham, *Ex-Mayor;* O. M. Wood, *Ex-Mayor;* J. A. Donaldson, *President First National Bank;* H. M. Winslow, *President Carrollton National Bank;* J. F. Jett, *President Electric Light Company;* Rev. J. D. Redd, *Pastor Methodist Episcopal Church, South;* Rev. W. F. Evans, *Pastor Presbyterian Church;* Rev. O. M. Huey, *Pastor Baptist Church;* Rev. D. M. Bridges, *Minister Christian Church;* Rev. J. M. Ahmann, *Pastor St. John's Catholic Church;* W. W. Masterson, *Disbursing Agent;* three newspaper editors, five County Officials, and about one hundred prominent citizens.

The school children of Carrollton presented Captain Murphy, on January 1, A. D. 1902, with a gold signet ring studded with small diamonds, as a token of their esteem.

A Souvenir of Friendship

Capt. David A. Murphy, Superintendent of Construction in charge of the completion of our Postoffice Building, was presented with a gold heart in a silver frame, in his office on Monday, October 26, 1903, as a "souvenir of friendship from the citizens of Richmond, Kentucky." Miss Sara G. Rucker, a charming young girl, made the presentation address in the presence of the postmaster and other friends. Capt. Murphy briefly expressed his cordial thanks, and said he would give his speech in due time to the Richmond *Pantagraph*. We herewith subjoin the two speeches:

Miss Sara G. Rucker's Presentation Address.

"Captain Murphy:—You came to our city five months ago unknown to most of us: since that time your manly bearing, upright Christian life, and the genuine human kindness manifested by you have so impressed us with those great traits of character that we desire, in expressing our appreciation, to present this little token of our friendship, which we hope will be regarded by you as a souvenir of our sincere esteem and our hearts' best wishes for your future welfare."

Captain Murphy's Speech of Thanks.

"Miss Rucker, and my Richmond Friends:—I thank you, most cordially, for your beautiful souvenir of friendship—the golden heart in silver frame. It is not only beautiful, but artistic. Beyond words, and more than gold, I prize the genuine friendship which it signifies and attests. It is possible that I may go to Washington City during the winter, and if so, I will gladly wear your souvenir to the White House. Believe me, I fully appreciate the kindness shown to a stranger. I congratulate the citizens of Richmond upon the completion of their handsome and attractive Public Building. I take off my hat to you and salute you! I believe with all my heart what Miss Alice Cary sings:

'There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.'"

—Richmond (Ky.) *Pantagraph*.

A New Year's Gift

A. D. 1904.

CAPTAIN DAVID A. MURPHY RECEIVES A BUST OF HIMSELF.

Captain David A. Murphy, Superintendent of Construction of Public Buildings, now on duty at Maysville, Ky., is the honored recipient of a priceless New Year's gift—a plaster bust of himself, 18 x 24 inches, in gilt frame and under plate glass.

The bas relief is a work of high art, and strikingly life-like in expression.

The Captain's soldier face and shoulders are not "idealized," but presented with all their "rugged features."

The bust and frame is the handiwork of his friend, Mr. Joseph Wilberding, the sculptor and artist, whose studio is at Norwood, O.

It is a gift of esteem, and would honor any State Governor or a College President.

The sculptor, we understand, has been at work on it at odd times for six months.—Maysville (Ky.) *Ledger*, September 1, 1904.

The Western Christian Advocate

REV. LEVI GILBERT, D. D., *Editor-in-Chief;* REV. E. C. WAREING, D. D., *Associate Editor.*

The *Western* speaks for "Christianity in Earnest," which includes Peace, Progress, Purity, and Patriotism.

Subscription Price:
Only ONE DOLLAR a Year.

Address THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN,
220 West Fourth Street Cincinnati, Ohio.

N. B.—"THE WESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, Revds. LEVI GILBERT, D. D., and ERNEST C. WAREING, D. D., is bright, breezy, and beautiful every week of the whole calendar year."—*The Oxford Ohio Herald.*

SPECIAL ORDERS
No. 66

WAR DEPARTMENT,
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE
Washington, Feb. 10, 1865.

(*Extract.*)

* * * * *

59. At the request of the Governor of Ohio, Private DAVID A. MURPHY, 81st Ohio Volunteers, is hereby honorably discharged from the service of the United States, to enable him to accept a commission in the 184th Ohio Volunteers, with condition that, if not mustered in as an officer under the same, he shall return to his former regiment, or be considered a deserter.

* * * * *

By order of THE SECRETARY OF WAR:

E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant General.

Detail for Duty as Clerk at Gen. Wm. T. Sherman's Headquarters

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT AND ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

ACWORTH, GA., JUNE 7, 1864.

SPECIAL FIELD ORDERS,
No. 32

III. Private DAVID MURPHY, 81st Regiment Ohio Infantry Volunteers, will report forthwith at these Headquarters for assignment to duty with the Military Division of the Mississippi Headquarters.

By Order of Major General JAS. B. MCPHERSON,

WM. T. CLARK,
Assistant Adjutant General.

Comrade Frank Hatton

A New Year's Tribute, Written By His Old Army Adjutant, David A. Murphy.

[*Written for the Hawk-Eye.*]

What tuneful tongue, our comrade dead,
Shall justly speak his worth:
The regnant truth—with heart and head
The press he loved from birth.
"Newspaper man" from first to last,
His *brilliancy* was unsurpassed!

Stanch partisan through checkered life,
He died in manhood's prime;
His talents rare, with good will rife,
The "stalwart" of his time.
He stood with friends and withstood foes,
His *loyalty* the world well knows!

Town postmaster for many years,
His merits records tell;
Nation's postmaster, it appears,
He served his country well.
In Cabinet the youngest man,
His *cleverness* the years outran?

His comrades all from East to West
His kindly deeds proclaim;
"They loved him most who knew him best,"
His banter meant no shame.
His vacant chair true friends regret,
His *comradeship* life's coronet!

His country loved with fervent glow,
A sword of flame his pen;
He scorned fool-frauds and all vain show,
A prince among bright men.
At Rock Creek sleeps, God gave him rest—
True heroism Frank Hatton's crest!

January 1, A. D. 1895.

The Clock and the Man

[*Inscribed to Rev. E. H. Cherington, Pastor Oxford Methodist Episcopal Church, 1891-96.*]

The pastor of our Christian flock
Five years has served by the church clock;
Anomaly, friends well may scan,
The clock may stay, but not the man.

Midst Oxford's restless ebb and flow
His faithful toil the records show;
His life built on the Pauline plan,
The clock may stay, but not the man!

Classic in speech, in manhood's prime,
Glad herald of the sun-bright clime;
His sermons great, match them who can—
The clock may stay, but not the man!

His wife and child Oxford holds dear,
The parsonage they fill with cheer;
God's mercies sure their lives will span,
The clock may stay, but not the man!

All Oxford knows our pastor's worth,
His blameless life shall bless the earth;
His mental poise whelms clique and clan,
The clock may stay, but not the man!

O mitred clock with sceptred hands,
It changes pastors in all lands;
All mutiny falls under ban,
The clock may stay, but not the man!

But not in vain he serves the Lord—
When called from labor to reward,
Tell all from Beer-sheba to Dan,
The clock may stay, but not the man!

—Capt. David A. Murphy.

"Capital!"—Rev. David H. Moore, D. D., Editor of *The Western Christian Advocate*, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Union Texan

General A. B. Norton, of Dallas, Texas, Former Publisher of the *Intelligencer*, Born in Ohio.

I.

Our Union friend, alas! is dead,
A checkered life, indeed, he led;
Brave witness of its five epochs,
All Texas loved his long white locks!

II.

In stature small, but large of heart,
He acted well a noble part;
Gifted and true midst smoke or flame,
No Texan could more life-friends claim!

III.

A gentle Knight of the best school,
Conduct squared by the Golden Rule;
Patriot born—benign and strong—
One Texan right when States were wrong!

IV.

Lover of Clay, Houston, and Grant,
His principles of adamant;
The black man's friend, no white man's foe,
For Texas spoke with fervent glow!

V.

A party man from first to last,
His flag unfurled from paper's mast;
His fourscore years seem all too brief,
And Texas friends are filled with grief!

* * * * * * *

—Capt. David A. Murphy.

The White House

James Hoban, an Irish architect, designed the White House, and was paid $500.

Corner-stone laid by Washington, October 14, 1791.

Work of construction began immediately after corner-stone laying.

Building practically completed in October, 1800.

First occupied by President Adams in winter of 1800.

Partly destroyed by fire by British, 1814.

Cost of building at time, $333,207.

Restored and reopened January 1, 1818, at a cost of $300,000.

Rebuilt by James Hoban, original designer. —*Washington Post.*

The Religion of Our Presidents

Five Presidents of the United States were Episcopalians, five were Presbyterians, four were Methodists, four were Unitarians, two were Dutch Reformers, one was a Campbellite, and one had no religion at all to speak of. The latter is the man whom Democrats are proudest of—Thomas Jefferson. The next President will make the sixth Presbyterian on the White House list.—Maysville (Ky.) *Ledger.*

Hon. Frank Hatton

of Cadiz, Ohio,

and His Several Newspapers.

Cadiz (O.) *Republican.*

Mt. Pleasant (Ia.) *Journal.*

Burlington (Ia.) *Hawkeye.*

Washington Post, Washington, D.C.

National Republican, Washington, D. C.

Chicago Mail, Chicago, Ill.

New York Mail, New York, N. Y.

Hon. Frank Hatton,
Managing Editor Washington *Post*, Daily and Weekly,
1902-07.

"The most brilliant Editor in America," and for many years.

Hon. Frank Hatton

Ohio's Most Brilliant Editor.

Snap Shots at Close Range By His Army Comrade, Captain David A. Murphy.

I.

Frank Hatton and I were brother-editors in Ohio, and brother-officers in the 184th O. V. I. in 1865.

We were both Ohio men, proud of all the Buckeyes, and doubly-proud of General Ulysses S. Grant.

Hatton was from Cadiz, Ohio, and I was from Portsmouth, Ohio. We loved each other as brothers may. I was three years his senior; he was six years my superior in all that appertains to Newspaperdom. The Editor of seven newspapers—six of them lost money.

I saw him on the field of battle, and knew he *could* fight—I saw him in his Editorial sanctum and knew he was "really fighting." He flayed fads and follies fiercely!

Editor Hatton in Washington disliked Jim Blaine exceedingly, and shocked everybody at the National Capital when he called Theodore Roosevelt "the Bowery boy." Hatton, as Editor, was Mt. Vesuvius in action!

II.

Brilliant and Buoyant.

I have seen Hatton at his house, at the hotel, in his sanctum, and in the United States Senate Gallery. But I never saw him when he was not buoyant.

Dazzling and bedazzling in wit and fact. Once a Democrat had the temerity to tell Mr. Hatton that Iowa was going to elect a Democratic Governor. Hatton blurted out, "*Iowa will go Democratic when Hell goes Methodist!*"

Frank Hatton was First Assistant Postmaster General under Postmaster General Timothy O. Howe, in President Arthur's Cabinet. When the Postmaster General died, Hatton was promoted to fill the vacant Cabinet chair. He was the youngest Cabinet officer in Washington. President Arthur, it was said, transacted official business "with his Hat'on!" Was n't that "phunny?" Hatton had a nose for news and a club for frauds.

III.

Joke Played on Murphy.

Comrade Hatton always had a good heart under his vest. He loved his friends and comrades every day of his busy

life. Frank was his Christian name, and he *was* "frank" in all his callings. Wrong sometimes, yes! but never woeful.

He had a penchant for playing jokes on his army comrades. Once upon a time I was in Washington and rushed into his Editorial sanctum. I asked him to please give me letters of introduction to Senators Allison, of Iowa, and Manderson, of Nebraska. It was Hatton's "busy day," but he signed the letters and handed them to me, and then he asked, "Murphy, *is that all you want now?*" "Yes, Frank," I said. "Do you see that door?" pointing to the door of entrance into his sanctum. "Yes," I said. "Do you know what doors are for?" he asked. I said, "Yes, of course I do!" "Well, now," he said, "*you git!*" I picked up my hat and went out smiling.

IV.

I was an applicant for the office of Postmaster at Danville, Ky., in 1882, and was endorsed by two Presidents, Grant and McKinley; the father of one President, Judge Alphonso Taft; and the son of one President, Robt. T. Lincoln. I still have "the Big Four letters" in my trunk. President Arthur told Postmaster General Hatton that Col. Wm. O. Bradley, "the boss" of Kentucky, seriously objected to my appointment as Postmaster. But he told Mr. Hatton to "give Captain Murphy an office with a larger salary."

Mr. Hatton explained the situation to me in detail. And then he asked me, "Murphy, what office do you really want?" There were two United States Public Buildings to be erected in Kentucky, one at Louisville and one at Frankfort. I selected the Frankfort Public Building, salary of Superintendent six dollars per day, and the appointment was mailed to me without unusual delay. I was Superintendent of Construction of the United States Public Building at Frankfort, Ky., two years and four months.

[Personal letter from Hon. Frank Hatton.]

POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF FIRST ASSISTANT POSTMASTER GENERAL.
Washington, D. C., September 7, 1882.

D. A. Murphy, Esq., Danville, Ky.

My dear Dave:

Yours of the 23d ulto has been received. I have seen the Treasury people and they assure me that there is no doubt of your appointment as Superintendent of Construction of the new Government building at Frankfort, Ky. Sincerely yours,

FRANK HATTON.

V.

Snap Shots at Close Range.

I was in Editor Hatton's sanctum in Washington one day when he was wanted in four places immediately, "if not sooner." President Arthur sent a message for Hatton, Speaker Reed wanted him at the House of Representatives, Beriah Wilkins, his partner, asked him to come to his room, and the foreman of the pressroom insisted that Hatton come downstairs for five minutes. Hatton, of course, went to the White House first.

Mr. Hatton was President Arthur's floor manager at the Republican Convention held in Chicago in 1864. Hatton wired *urgent appeals* to the White House during the anxious days before Hon. James G. Blaine was nominated for the Presidency. President Arthur, serene and dignified, authorized no gifts or pledges. Mr. Hatton, in disgust, said, "I will never again undertake to nominate a President who will do nothing to help himself."

Speaking of Petroleum V. Nasby's droll output, so often praised by Mr. Lincoln, Hatton remarked, "It takes a *real* d——d fool to write that sort of stuff." O yes, Frank could talk like a brother and fight like Beelzebub.

VI.

Once We Fell Out, But Made Up.

Despite the fact that we were *both* Ohio men, brother Methodists, army comrades, and fellow-Republicans, we "fell out," as lovers do sometimes. Frank Hatton was as brave as the bravest on the field of battle, but he was "highly sensitive" to the criticism of journalists. In the course of human events I obtained a good cut of "Hon. Frank Hatton, Postmaster General at Washington, D. C.," and printed it on the first page of my stalwart Republican weekly, The Danville (Ky.) *Tribune*, in 1883. On seeing the picture in the Danville *Tribune*, Mr. Hatton promptly "called me down," so to speak. He said "the printing of *his* picture in *my* paper subjected him to needless criticism in Kentucky."

I answered him promptly, and gently rebuked him in the next paper by saying, "*Murphy*, not *Hatton*, is the Managing Editor of The Danville *Tribune*." "Ingratitude," I told him, "was the Unpardonable Sin." Thankless people are stupid people.

VII.

Mr. Hatton's sudden death was a severe shock to me. He is buried under the trees at Rock Creek Cemetery, near Washington. One summer day his wife and sister took me in a hack to his silent resting place. I knelt at his grave, took off my hat, but hot tears whelmed me. Lo! I fell flat on Hatton's mound. His good wife and another lady picked me up and hurried me away.

And that night, in my hotel room, I wrote the Hatton poem annexed:

Looking Forward

[*A laurel-wreath for Hon. Frank Hatton's grave.*]

I.

We trembling stood beside Frank's grave,
Where stately trees their branches wave,
  Nor stayed some scalding tears;
"Does death end all?" 'T was vain to ask,
His greeting missed and warm hand-clasp—
  He sleeps, not days, but years!

II.

Yes, Hatton sleeps! his struggles o'er,
His handsome face we see no more,
  Our loss the more endears;
His weary brain finds gracious rest,
Nor plans for "scoops" from East and West,
  Nor call for "copy" hears!

III.

He sleeps, alas! among the dead,
His numbered years too swiftly fled,
  Faith's creed the long night cheers;
We all shall meet around God's throne;
The Savior lives and claims His own,
  Our comrade there appears.

Rock Creek Cemetery,
May, 1897.

Letter From Mrs. Frank Hatton

Washington, D. C., July 1, 1907.

My dear Captain Murphy:

On my return home a few days since, I found the copy of your book, "Pensive Pansies," you were kind enough to send me. I noted the page you marked, and thank you for your kind words of Mr. Hatton expressed in that poem, entitled "Looking Forward." With kind regards to Mrs. Murphy and yourself, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

MRS. ELIZABETH S. HATTON.

Editorialettes

1. ALAS AND ALACK!

Dram-drinkers drink Distilled Damnation daily, doggedly, and diabolically.

2. PRUDENCE DEMANDED.

"A good wife is from the Lord and a poor wife is from the devil." Prudent swains will therefore seek life-partners from Christian families rather than from beer halls.

3. OUR NEW GRANT BOOKLET.

"General Ulysses Simpson Grant in Poetry and History," by Captain David A. Murphy, Oxford, Ohio.

A beautiful, poetical, and historical tribute to the great General by one of his subordinates whose pen was busy during the war and whose time since those stormy days has been given to editorial work and other public interests.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Capt. David A. Murphy, Superintendent of Construction of the United States Courthouse and Postoffice Building at Jefferson, Texas, is an old newspaper man, well known in Kentucky, having published for many years the Danville *Tribune.* His endorsements for the position were from the strongest men of the Republican party.—Dallas (Texas) *Intelligencer,* July 20, 1889.

The Countersign Is Calvary

The statistics show that the United States Army veterans of 1861-65 are dying at the rate of 150 a day. Capt. David A. Murphy, of Oxford, Ohio, says, "Tell army comrades that the countersign at the Gates of Heaven is 'Calvary.'"

I.

The countersign is "Calvary."
It holds a mystic spell,
The given key—gate mastery—
All Christ's friends know it well,
No doubt, or break along that line—
"Calvary" is Heaven's countersign.

II.

"Calvary" is the countersign,
Christ there for all once died;
His sacrifice shows LOVE divine,
Heaven's gates He opens wide!
Nor "Pyramids" nor "Palestine"—
"Calvary" is Heaven's countersign.

—Miss M. M. Murphy.

A Soldier's Prayer

WRITTEN FOR AND IN HONOR OF MY ARMY COMRADES NOW DYING AT THE RATE OF 150 EVERY DAY.

O God! hear Thou my daily prayer:
Grant me strength to DO and DARE,
And whether King or simple page,
As gallant Knight Truth's battles wage!

Do I fear Death? My answer, "NO!"
Death is to me a conquered foe;
Christ's way through faith I dimly see—
HEAVEN lies beyond Gethsemane!

Nor blind nor lame, and seldom dumb,
Death's angel now may quickly come;
Time's teeth will raze both Greece and Rome—
CHRIST'S promised "Place," my Heavenly HOME!

—CAPT. DAVID A. MURPHY.

An Unmarked Grave

MRS. LIZZIE ENYART GRAY'S GRAVE IN THE OXFORD, OHIO, CEMETERY.

The Clarksburg belle, pride of the State,
Judge Holbrook's gifted daughter;
In merry moods and talents great
Gay cavaliers all sought her.
Madonna garb and saintly grace,
And deep-gray eyes marked Lizzie's face!

The Captain's bride, loved far and wide,
Her mother's only daughter;
Consumptive wreck, her baby died,
Home joys were doomed to slaughter.
A Christian wife, benign and brave—
Alas! no stone marks Lizzie's grave!

—AN OLD FRIEND.

Friendship

A Tribute of Friendship Written in an Album of Friendship, January 1, 1913.

In Friendship's name
To Friendship go;
Her Friendship claim,
My Friendship show.
Whilst Friendship hills and valleys blend,
God's Friendship bless my winsome friend!
—Capt. David A. Murphy.

God's Greatness, Man's Smallness

The greatest thought I now recall in my checkered career came to me while I was on a steamship going from Savannah to New York, in January, 1865. On leaving Savannah I saw flowers blooming in the dooryards and parks. Three days later I caught sight of the snow-covered hills of New England!

Off Cape Hatteras, on the coast of North Carolina, the thought came to me on shipboard that if a single plank in the sides of the ship should give way, or if a single bolt in the multiplied machinery should break, the whelming waves of the mighty ocean would wreck the stately ship and drown the crew and passengers. The thought came to me just there of the Greatness of God and the Smallness of man!—Capt. David A. Murphy.

Life and Its Similes

Life is a battle, a combat each day,
Men slain like cattle, and frightful the fray.

Life is a voyage, good ships breast the gale,
All worlds we forage and homeward we sail.

Life is a college, a campus midst years;
Students gain knowledge and scholars make peers.

Life is a market, merchants buy and sell;
Spotlight or sparklet, eye-pleasers do well.

Life is a drama, mixing smiles and tears,
Moses or Brahma, real actors win cheers.

Life is a mirror, the world of events
Each day brings nearer the striking of tents.

Life is a riddle, we fain give it up,
Joy plays the fiddle, sorrow drains the cup.

Life is a forum and talents gleam fair,
Friends make its quorum, co-workers win there.

Life is a journey from cradle to grave,
Mankind at tourney, some cowards, some brave.

Life is a trial, in Church or in State,
Christ or Belial, the choice seals our fate.

Life is a dower, a portion to all,
Potent its power in hovel and hall.

Life is a treasure and love is its leaven,
Grace beyond measure, Christ offers us Heaven!—Capt. David A. Murphy.

Snap Shots

CAPT. DAVID A. MURPHY.

God reigns; He holds the reins and sends the rains.

The *Western Christian Advocate* at one dollar a year is cheap enough, dear knows.

An automobile with a Bible in it would make us think that "Hell was going Methodist."

Women, the world over, are better than men. Eighty per cent of convicts of the world are males.

The pretentious reformers of America, now on the stump, would do well to reform themselves.

The Jordan is the most crooked river in the world. It meanders 216 miles between two points only sixty miles apart.

The high cost of living will be reduced "all along the lines" when men live sanely, soberly, and smokelessly.

A young man named Fountain Wetmore Rainwater lives at Waterloo, Ky. Mayhap he may meet Miss Spring Lake Rivers, of Ocean Grove, N. J.

There are just four classes of Methodist people who do not go to Church at least once on Sunday—the lazy, the thankless, the selfish, and the godless.

If we had to choose between giving license to a whisky saloon or a rattlesnake, in any town, we would give the license to the snake and then kill the snake. Now you hear us, do n't you!

We saw General Ulysses Simpson Grant at the Gibson House, Cincinnati, in May, 1883, and there were tears rolling down each side of his soldier-face. He had just buried his mother beside his father at Spring Grove Cemetery.

Loyalty is the greatest of human virtues. A godly man, of course, is loyal to God and all God's friends. A patriot is loyal to his country. And a husband worthy of the name is loyal to his wife every day.

We are in such a hurry that we no longer have time to sit down and dream dreams, and no people make any intellectual advance unless they do dream their dreams.—WOODROW WILSON.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Golden Nuggets for College Students

Capt. David A. Murphy.

1. Dullness is the worst heterodoxy.

2. Talents are God-given. We should not bury them.

3. We are all kings or subjects. Why not be a king?

4. No college poet was ever elected governor or president.

5. Know God—know thyself—know thy fellow-men. And then thou wilt be wise.

6. The student who is faithful and blameless wins high honors.

7. Hard study and high ideals produce the star students East and West.

8. The college student who harms a woman in thought or deed disgraces his Alma Mater.

9. Clear grit and good morals mark the student who will outstrip most of his rivals.

10. The student who is a born orator and good in debate is a winner from the start.

11. The student who is always a gentleman, and never less than a gentleman, "will stand before kings."

12. The college student who lacks initiative and has to be told what to do every day is sorely handicapped for life.

13. Do what you will, do all you possibly can, you will never get away from the personal equation.

14. God does not want a college graduate to be little, unknown, or bashful. "Show thyself a man!"

15. Grit, pluck, courage, fearlessness, resoluteness, commanding will-power, and calmness on the battlefield, spell heroes in the world's arena.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

A Christmas Carol

Capt. David A. Murphy.

I.

The royal Babe of David's town,
  In Judah's sacred story;
In manger-bed and swaddling gown,
  O Child of Heavenly glory!
Christ's natal day earth's purest gem,
Glad Christmas gilds old Bethlehem!

II.

The royal Babe of David's line,
  The world's King and man's Brother;
A trav'ling star the given sign,
  O Child of virgin mother!
Christ's natal day time's brightest gem,
Glad Christmas gilds old Bethlehem!

III.

The royal Babe of David's fold,
  His advent seems truth's isthmus;
"A Savior born" His mission told,
  O Child of mystic Christmas!
Christ's natal day love's greatest gem,
Glad Christmas gilds old Bethlehem!

[Rev. Wm. F. Lloyd, D. D., read this Christmas Carol in Union Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church, Louisville, Ky., on Christmas morning, 1901.

How to Live Ninety Years

Capt. David A. Murphy.

Live in the open air as much as possible, take plenty of exercise, and, above all, breathe deeply. Remember that the sun is a health-giver. Live on a simple diet, eat meat only once a day, and take care to chew your food thoroughly. Eat two or three apples every day. A German physician tells me that there were nine boys in his family. His parents gave them apples to eat at breakfast, dinner, and supper. All of the boys grew up hale and healthy.

Go to bed early and rise early; sleep in a dark and quiet room with open windows, and take never less than six nor more than seven and a half hours if you are a man, or more than eight and a half hours if you are a woman. Avoid worry about things that have happened and can not be helped or that may happen and can not be foreseen, and be temperate in the use of alcohol, tobacco, tea, and coffee. Do not dissipate, DO NOT DISSIPATE, DO NOT DISSIPATE in any way. Marry at twenty-three, twenty-four, or twenty-five years of age, and stay at home with your wife every night of the round year. There is sometimes malaria in the night air. Avoid clubs, secret societies, and all night meetings. Let good books be your chosen friends at night. Father Murphy lived to be ninety years, and was seldom sick. I am now seventy-one years of age, and have outlived seven of my family physicians.

Persons and Places

By Capt. David A. Murphy.

1. Lincoln was a "sure-enough" office seeker.

2. General Ulysses Simpson Grant commanded a million soldiers without swearing.

3. A Blue Grass Maiden is evermore God's masterpiece of creation.

4. Exports of American manufactured articles, which passed a billion in value last year, are still climbing.

5. A Syracuse University girl has broken the record for the high jump. She trained for the even thoroughly.

6. President Wilson, it appears, is a superb Cabinet-maker. His Cabinet officers are all clean, clever, and capable statesmen.

7. The dead in Christ, what do they lack?
And if they could, would they come back?

8. Colonel Wm. J. Bryan, the soldier, scholar, and statesman, is the Premier of Wilson's Cabinet. He is, we think, the Prince of American orators.

9. Oxford is as near to Heaven as any other town in Ohio. It is built upon a plateau of ground that slopes East and West and is 1,017 feet above the level of the Atlantic Ocean.

10. *The Western Christian Advocate*, of Cincinnati, is now one of the best religious weeklies published in the great Southwest. It should have fifty thousand subscribers this summer.

11. God does not love a stingy man or a selfish woman. We live in a world of "give and take." But not what we take up, but what we give up as individuals, makes us worth while.

12. We have known four young women in fifty years who were superbly gifted as letter writers—Miss Cayenne Pepper, Washington, D. C.; Miss Rachel E. Murphy, Buena Vista, Ohio; Miss Lizzie S. Enyart, Clarksburg, Ky.; and Miss Ethel Streator, Clarksville, Tenn. Each was a brilliant star in her own galaxy.

Old Miami

Inscribed to Hon. R. M. Hughes,
Acting President.

Miami, O Miami!
The young Yale of the West,
Proud factor in life's drama,
Its scholars bright and blest!
Miami grows midst great compeers,
Five score and four its given years!

—Capt. David A. Murphy.

Oxford, Ohio, April 3, A. D. 1913.

The Name of God in Forty-five Languages

A rare gem, selected by Mrs. Jennie M. Murphy.

English	God.
German	Got or Gott.
Gothic	Guth.
Assyrian	Ihe.
Aramaic	Ela'h.
Hebrew	El or Elohim.
Greek	Dei.
Latin	Deus.
French	Dieu.
Spanish	Diou.
Catalan	Deu.
Portuguese	Deos.
Italian	Iddio.
Piedmontese	Iddiou.
Roman	Dumnden.
Welsh	Durv.
Gaelic	Dia.
Irish	Ozsi.
Manx (Isle of Man)	Jee.
Breton	Doue.
Dutch	God.
Danish and Swedish	Gud.
Icelandic	Guo.
Surinam	Gado.
Creolese of West Indies	Godt.
Albanian (Gheg)	Perendia.
Albanian (Tosk)	Heptvia.
Basque	Seme.
Slavonic	Erz.
Bohemian	Bun.
Bulgarian	Eotz.
Upper Wendish	Boh.
Lower Wendish	Bohg.
Slovenian	Bog.
Servian	Lory.
Croatian	Bogu.
Finnish	Jumala.
Laplander	Jubmel.
Turkish	Allha.
Syraic	Eloah.
Maltese	Alla.
Persian	Goda.
Japanese	Kami.
Chinese of Ning-po	Jing-ming.
Eskimos	Gudib.

Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. 104 Years Old.

An Oxford Christmas Story

How a Blue Grass Girl Captured a Virginia Hunter.

By Capt. David A. Murphy.

I.

She did it with an old glove.

The glove was worth perhaps fifty cents.

She was witching and he was willing.

Scene of my love story, on the east bank of the Tallawanda, near Oxford, Ohio.

Dramatis Personæ.—He, she, two dogs, one old fiddle, and one glove.

Hero and heroine were quietly married, and they surely were happily married.

II.

Capt. Virgil Virginia, of Richmond, a member of the State Militia in 1890, forty years of age, but sound as a new silver dollar, lived in a log cabin on the east side of the beautiful Tallawanda, near Oxford, Ohio. He was a bachelor, a born hunter, and a lover of woodlands. He was the owner of a fiddle worth approximately fifty dollars, and he could play old and new tunes "without notes." In one corner of his cabin was a select library. His sole companions, year in and year out, two faithful dogs, "Don" and "Dan." Once a week only he visited Oxford to buy needed groceries. A skillful cook, he cared little for women and shunned society. Plainly he was an eagle, not a dove, so to speak. O yes! he could play the fiddle to beat the band!

III.

One summer day a merry party from Kentucky camped on the bank of the Tallawanda near his log cabin. They were summer tourists from the Southern part of the famous Blue Grass State. One evening a wind storm, accompanied by fierce lightning and frightful thunders, drove them pell mell to the shelter of their staked tents. The gallant Captain, with a lantern in his hand, went over to their camp and invited the party to come to his log cabin and take refuge for the night. Nothing loath, the

party took full possession of the cabin. And then the Captain drew forth his old fiddle and gave them music worth while hearing. His guests were not merely surprised—they were entranced. One of the guests, Miss Kenneth Kentucky, twenty-five years old, and a famous belle in Southern circles, impulsively gave him her hand as she thanked him for his marvelous melodies, and there were tears in her eyes and on her cheeks. The other guests, her neighbors, might have laughed, but they were all surely serenaded.

IV.

Morning came and the Southern guests returned to their tents in the woods. On leaving the house, the Southern girl dropped one of her gloves, worth perhaps fifty cents, in the yard, but near the gate, so that it might be seen there! The next day the campers "folded their tents and, like the Arabs, stole silently away." The Captain, during their stay at his humble cabin, learned that they were from Owensboro, Kentucky. The Virginia bachelor so far in life had never been thrilled or thralled by any one of the gentler sex. He was indeed heart and fancy-free up to that fateful evening. The poet sings:

"Two strangers meet and make no sign,
But subtle cords their hearts entwine—
They never more are free."

He found the old, faded glove in the yard and he kept it "as a relic" for one week. And then, moved by an impulse new and strange to him, he concluded to hunt up the owner of that glove even if she lived two hundred miles distant. Slowly but surely he traveled to Owensboro, and, after two or three failures, he was rewarded by finding the street and number of her house, and she was at home when he called. He blushed, but he held up the faded glove. She blushed, too, but invited him into the parlor, and then they talked. The Captain lodged at a hotel near by, but he managed to see the belle of Owensboro every afternoon and evening for one whole week. A letter from Oxford called him back to his cabin in the woods. But he never told his two dogs where he HAD BEEN or why he had STAYED SO LONG. If he had done so, the dogs would not have believed him. Dogs are loyal by nature, and they never could think their old comrade could have been disloyal for one whole week.

V.

The next summer he built a new five-room cottage on his small farm and bought some furniture from Cincinnati. And a day before Christmas Mr. Virgil Virginia, age forty, and Miss Kenneth Kentucky, age twenty-five, were married at Owensboro, Ky., and their bridal trip ended in their new home on the banks of the Peaceful Tallawanda. Meantime the two dogs, Don and Dan, had been relegated to the woodshed. Don and Dan then and there learned some way how to talk to each other in dog Latin.

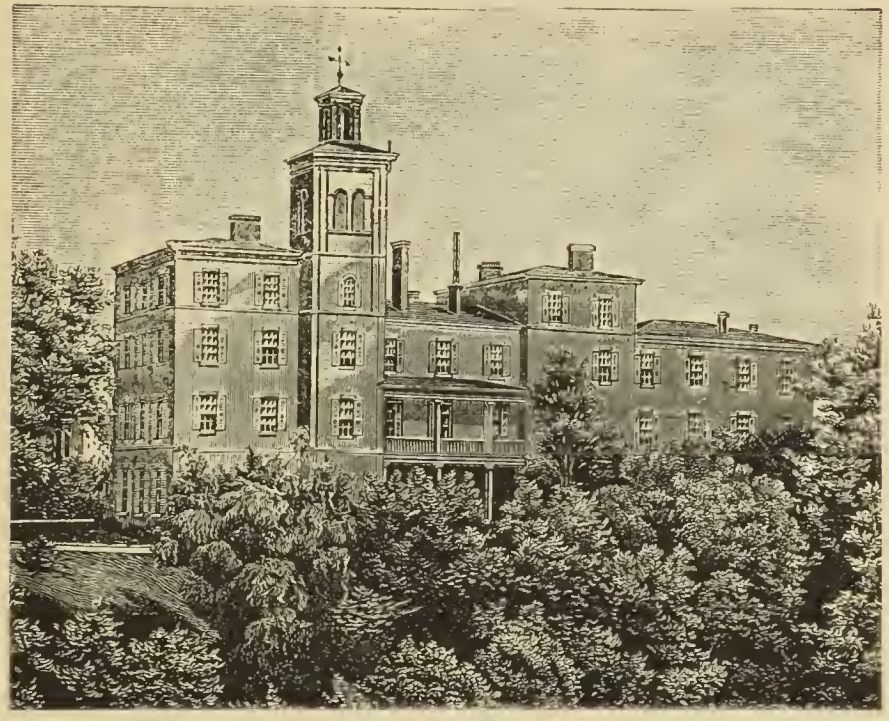
One day Don saw Dr. C. O. Munns coming down the road from Oxford in his runabout. Don barked a joyful welcome, and Dan wanted to know why he was so elated. Don winked one eye and said, "Dan, you are a plum fool—a dog-gone fool, yes! Don't you know or guess we are going to have one young baby for a playmate right here shortly?" About one week after that the Captain brought a girl baby dressed in long clothes onto the porch. The two dogs almost fought as to which should lick her tiny hands first. And then the Captain brought a small boy baby dressed in short pants and showed him to the astonished dogs. "Twins, by Hokey!" exclaimed Don. The dogs were wild with joy.

"Don," said Dan that evening in the woodshed, "you must be a Christian dog!" "Why do you say that?" asked Don. Dan replied, "Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage in his famous lecture says that when Christians DO lie, they lie like the devil! Don, you said we would have one new baby playmate. Now there are TWO of them! Don, YOU ARE A DOG-GONE LYRE!" And then they fought each other all over the yard playfully!

VI.

Ten years later the Captain and his wife and five children were at home. It was the night before Christmas, but nobody in that house was still as a mouse! The Captain played the "Virginia reel" on the fiddle, and his wife played "My Old Kentucky Home" on the grand piano, as she was a graduate of Berlin. The children danced merrily, and the two dogs were admitted into the parlor for the time. At nine o'clock P. M. the children said "Good-night" and went upstairs to their small beds. And then the mother held up an old, faded glove and asked her lord

and master if he was sorry he had found it and her. For answer he took down his old fiddle—the old-time fiddle—and played "Home, Sweet Home," with all the many variations. The happy husband and happy wife went upstairs laughing. They really forgot to turn the two dogs out-doors that night. Don said to Dan, as they both stretched their legs before the open fire, "It surely must be Christmas on the Tallawanda!"



The Christ Hospital

MT. AUBURN, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

MISS ALICE THATCHER, *Superintendent*,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

ELIZABETH GAMBLE DEACONESS HOME ASS'N.

BISHOP DAVID H. MOORE,
President.

JAMES N. GAMBLE,
Vice-President.

W. A. ROBINSON,
Financial Secretary.

MRS. KATHERINE C. MULLIKIN,
Recording Secretary.

W. E. STARK, Treasurer.

She Is Not There

In Memory of My Wife, Now In Heaven.

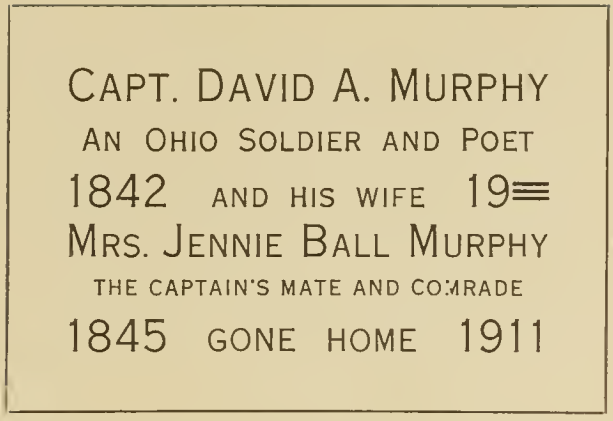
Capt. David A. Murphy.

The saddest thought that comes to me
On mountain top or grassy lea,
No home-light more mine eyes shall see;
A darken'd home—a vacant chair—
O loved and lost! She is not there.

Full forty years, O swift their flight!
On reaching home in darkest night,
I welcome saw in window light—
One husband lack'd no wifely care,
But now, alas! she is not there.

In plaintive tones she "Mizpah" said,
And bravely faced the ordeal dread.
The silent grave is now her bed—
A pilgrim gray, I onward fare,
Bereft of home! She is not there.

—*Western Christian Advocate.*


CAPT. DAVID A. MURPHY
AN OHIO SOLDIER AND POET
1842 AND HIS WIFE 19≡
MRS. JENNIE BALL MURPHY
THE CAPTAIN'S MATE AND COMRADE
1845 GONE HOME 1911

CAPT. DAVID A. MURPHY AND WIFE.
Their monument at Green Lawn Cemetery, Portsmouth, Ohio.

Buena Vista

By Capt. David A. Murphy.

N. B.—This little poem, three verses, was written on the steamer *Tacoma* en route from Cincinnati to Buena Vista.

My boyhood home of long ago,
In County of Old Scioto;
The Freestone town that builders know,
"Best building stone in O-hi-o!"
Twin Creek twisty,
Buena Vista!

The rock-ribbed hills times' ravage show,
Rich farm-lands near great harvests grow;
Spring river high, in Summer low,
And coal-fleets now the steamers tow.
Hill tops misty,
Buena Vista!

The seasons four, they come and go,
And gentle rains bless friend and foe;
The star-worlds shine, and roses blow.
God's place for me, and *there* I 'll go!
Freak nor frisky,
Buena Vista!

The Sunset Gates

I'm looking through the sunset gates,
Where trials end and triumph waits;
  Faith sings a mystic rhyme;
Death grimly stalks the groaning earth,
Swift changes stint all fireside mirth—
  There's light at evening time!

I'm looking through the sunset gates,
Where ransom'd souls meet raptur'd mates,
  Hope rings a joyous chime;
Life's pilgrims greet loved pastors there,
Earth's mourners find the mansions fair—
  There's light at evening time!

I'm looking through the sunset gates,
Where friendly hands whelm feudal hates;
  Love limns a royal clime;
The sun-bright clime where sorrows cease,
Christ's blissful place of blessed peace—
  There's light at evening time!

—Capt. David A. Murphy.

DUKE UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
Murphy's battle; an Ohio soldie
923.573 M978M
D90408568/